

Dwight's Journal of Music,

A Paper of Art and Literature.

WHOLE No. 202.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1856.

VOL. VIII. No. 20.

Dwight's Journal of Music, PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

TERMS: By Mail, \$2 per annum, in advance.
When left by Carrier, \$2.50

J. S. DWIGHT, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

EDWARD L. BALCH, PRINTER.

OFFICE, No. 21 School Street, Boston.

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED

At the OFFICE OF PUBLICATION, 21 School St. Boston.
By NATHAN RICHARDSON, 282 Washington St. "
GEORGE P. REED & CO., 13 Tremont Row, "
A. M. LELAND, Providence, R. I. "
C. BREUSING, 701 Broadway, New York. "
SCHARFENBERG & LUIS, 769 Broadway, "
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Translated for this Journal.

The Mission of Mozart.

LEADING CHARACTERISTICS OF HIS GENIUS AND
HIS WORKS.

BY A. OULIBICHEFF.

(Continued from p. 146)

MOZART cherished a remarkable contempt for all written theories. In one of his letters he says: "Pretty stuff we should make, my dear, if we did as the books lay it down for us." He could afford indeed to say so, since he possessed a living theory, which contained in itself all cases, rules and exceptions. His ear taught him to break through all the limits, which the narrow view and systematic spirit of the theoreticians had prescribed to modulation. Every given point I overstep, just where I will and as I will, and if I cannot actually overstep it, then I do like the "Olympian racers, leap in one period to the extreme opposite end of the horizon of modulation. So thought, so acted Mozart. He used very sparingly, and therefore always with the most sure success, the enharmonic progression, whose misuse in music is as convenient as it is far from edifying; but sometimes we see him bring about the simplest transition in a way that shows more genius than all the \flat s in the world replaced by all the \sharp s in the world, to the great wonder of the ignorant. * * *

Formerly the fuguists modulated very cautiously and carefully. They moved step by step, from one resting point to another, from one key to its next related, and were as far from taking any leaps, as a grave magistrate of that age, going up the steps to the council house. Certain passages of the bass, certain combinations of the perfect chord with the chord of the Seventh gave you well known series sanctioned by the theorists. But with Mozart it was hard to anticipate any

thing, or lay down any rule upon this point. His work upset all the old prescriptions for the composition of a fugue, and MARPURG would have rubbed his eyes, could he have seen such new harmonic and contrapuntal analysis of the theme, as we might cite from Mozart. * * *

Who could count the abominations which the learned ones of that day might have found in the finale to the Symphony in C? How the fearful fugue with four subjects must have heated their poor brains! This was neither BACH nor HANDEL, it was none of their acquaintance; it was MOZART. Where could they have found a measure for him, who had shattered their square and compass? Some of their criticisms have come down to us as monuments of their confusion; the fragments which we have cited above, will suffice to give an idea of the difference between the old fugue (strict and regular) and the free fugue of Mozart, which does not subject itself to the methodical periods of the class and admits mixture of style. When we spoke of unity with variety as essential conditions of the fugue, we recognized that variety involved two principles: canonical imitation and contrast of melodies. Bach had exhausted the first means; Mozart understood how to win an advantage from the second, which contributed more than all else to lend to music a new organization. Mozart, who was a not less sharp-sighted canonist than Bach, but who was much more inventive and incomparably bolder, wove into the contrapuntal web melodies so different from one another, that one hardly conceives it possible that they could legitimately stand side by side; and when the eye has finally convinced itself, one still asks whether it can satisfy the ear. A pardonable doubt, which the execution soon turns to enthusiasm. This finale consists of four themes, which surely do not look as if they were made to dwell together. Let the reader convince himself:



* Omitted here on account of length, and as being too scientific for the general reader.—TRANSLATOR.

At the end of the piece the composer brings them all four forward, and the answer to no-one of them is wanting. The union of imitation and contrast certainly could go no further.

With such modulation, full of boldness and of genius; with such freedom of style, such incredible power of combinations; with themes so opposite in character and outline; with an orchestral accompaniment, in fine, consisting of from fifteen to twenty voices and instrumented after Mozart's manner, the Fugue must naturally have expanded its effects and rendered itself applicable far beyond the utmost limits ever dreamed of by the contrapuntists old and new. The fugue is no longer the mere abstract expression of some sort of emotion; it can become picture, translate itself into action, paint a battle or anything that is positive, without any danger of falling into that kind of music which requires a programme.

To keep to our example, what then is this finale to the Symphony in C, which dazzles those who read and makes the hearer dizzy? It seems to me, that this *Allegro* is the sequel to the *Grave* (representing the emerging of Order out of Chaos) with which "The Creation" of HAYDN begins. Light has illumined the abyss; the laws of creation are in full force; suddenly the elements, indignant at the new yoke, attempt a gigantic revolution to win back the old anarchy. Fire, Air, Earth and Water one by one desert their appointed places and commingle in the vortex, in which the germinating Order seems to sink forever; a sublime spectacle to contemplate, like every great rebellion of matter against mind, its ruler. But this propensity to relapse into chaos has been foreseen; it serves, like order itself, the final ends of the eternal wisdom. The elemental forces may melt in one inextricable mass (the fugued portions of the piece,) but they hear a voice which calls to them: "Thus far and not farther," and in a moment all is disentangled, and the young universe comes forth victorious and beautiful from the midst of this frightful confusion (the portions composed in the melodic style upon the same motives.)

Here we see the fugued style come out from the psychologically indefinite and abstract expression, within which it had so far confined itself, and by its union with the simple style, produce splendid analogies, to which neither the one nor the other could have attained singly. In this way Mozart seems to us the last word of the Flemish school, the primitive tendency of musical Art. Bach, who perfected the Fugue, so far as it was possible within the strict limits and the partially conventional forms, which the contrapuntists of the seventeenth century had prescribed to him, lifted the style to a very lofty height of

grandeur and of science. Our hero enhanced this grandeur and this science by the wonders of his orchestral accompaniment and by the expansion which he gave to the principles of contrast. He understood how to make the fugue in the highest degree melodious and expressive, while he made it free. The old scholastic mould broke in pieces in his hands, and out of its ruins sprang its last and richest treasure, the queen of fugues, the work of works, the overture to *Zauberflöte* in a word.

Who could have believed, that even the strict and literal Canon, under Mozart's pen, could develop itself in periods of grace and elegance, and occasionally with all the passion one could possibly infuse into any opera aria or masterpiece of pure melody? A pathetic Canon! One must see such a thing to believe it. (Example omitted.)

Here counterpoint and expressive melody, poesy and calculation become one, just as two centuries earlier we have seen music in the state of Art and in the state of nature, that is to say harmony and melody, meet and blend in the Romanza of WILLIAM BIRD. * * *

Free as melody itself in its progressions, canonical counterpoint from this time forward mingled itself more or less in all our hero's works, beautified or strengthened everywhere the musical expression, lent a lasting value even to the lightest things, accommodated itself with equal pliancy to the sublime as to the graceful, to the tragic as to the comic, created a multitude of new analogies, of picturesque accessories and psychological nuances, only possible with its aid, and always found again, if need were, its abstract depth and its old church significance, expressed with all the severity of the old forms. The fugues of the *Requiem* are as methodical as those of Bach and Handel.

The seventeenth century brought as its contribution to the musical reformer its choral melodies, those truly Christian melodies, so totally distinct from the flat opera song, which afterwards supplanted them, without any coloring, and miserably harmonizing with the Latin of the Mass. Mozart sought out these venerable melodies in Rome; he enclosed them in the frame of the thorough science of a German organist and surrounded them with the treasures of his instrumentation, like a setting of sparkling gems; and the church music rose in the *Requiem* to the highest place, whence its vocation is to rule the entire Art movement, of which it forms an unmoveable pole.

It was important also to take into council the Italian melodists, who mark the transition from the seventeenth to the eighteenth century. Mozart had to thank them for more than one useful and valuable lesson. Some of his duets with canonical progression remind one of the Cantatas of ALESSANDRO SCARLATTI, which were arranged for two voices by DURANTE.

(To be continued.)

A Letter from Mozart.

The *Musical Review*, in which we find the following, says very truly: "We do not know of any biography of this distinguished composer, of any document he has left us, which gives such an insight into the character and artistic feelings of Mozart, as the following hitherto unknown letter

to the Baron V——, which we translate from the German. It was probably written from Prague, Bohemia, in 1790 or thereabouts." The *Review*, however, is mistaken in supposing it hitherto unknown. A translation of it appeared in 1840 in the *London Musical World*, which states that it was written in 1783. A portion of it, in which Mozart describes his habits of composition, has been already copied in this Journal.

Here, my dear Baron, you receive back your scores, and if you should find more windows (marks like X to indicate faults) than notes in it, you will soon find out why. The ideas in the symphony have pleased me best; but yet it will make little impression, for there is too much in it, and it sounds in parts just (with your permission) as an ant-hill would look. I mean to say, there is a little too much of the devil in it. You must not be vexed with me, dear friend, else I shall regret ten thousand times having spoken out so honestly. At the same time, you ought not to be surprised at this; for it happens something the same to all those who have not, as boys, often experienced the trainings of Masters Lash and Thunder, and who afterwards will go on from talent and inclination alone. Some do it pretty correctly, but generally with the ideas of others; they themselves have none; others, who have got their own ideas, can not master them—that's the case with you. But, for the sake of holy Cecilia, don't be cross with me for my bursting out with this! However, the *song* has a fine *cantabile*, and that dear Miss Franzl shall sing it to you very often—something I should like to hear and see, too. The minuet and quatuor look also pretty finely, especially from the place where I have put a tail to it. The coda, however, will make more noise than music. *Sapienti sat*, and also to the *nihil sapienti*—I mean myself, who can not write very well about such things; I had rather do them.

I have kissed your letter several times, it pleased me so much. Only you should not have praised me so much; in hearing it, one gets accustomed to it, but it won't do to read. All of you like me much, you good fellows! I am not worth it, and many things also do not deserve it. And what shall I say of your present, my dear Baron? That came as a star in a dark night, or as a flower in winter, or a glass of Madeira after a spoilt stomach, or—or—well, you may fill it out yourself. God knows how I am harassed sometimes, in order to gain a poor living, and Stänerl* must also have something. Whoever told you that I had become lazy, I entreat you, dear Baron, to box his ears for my sake. I would work for ever and ever, if I could make only such music as I like and can make, and of which I think something. So I have made, three weeks ago, a symphony, and to-morrow I write again to Hofmeister,† to offer him three quartets with piano, if he has money to buy them. Oh! if I were a rich man, I would say: Mozart, write me what you like, and as good as you can; you don't get a cent before you have finished it, but then I buy from you every manuscript, to prevent your selling it like a fish-wife. How sad I feel sometimes about this, and then again wild and savage. Then I do things, it is true, which I should not do. Look, dear friend, so it is; and not as ignorant or bad people have told you.

But enough of this; and now I come to the most difficult point of your letter, which I would rather not touch at all, because my pen can not answer it. But I will try it, even if it were only to make you laugh.

How am I at work when I compose and write great things?

Truly, I can not say it myself, for I do know no more about it than yourself. When I am quite alone and in good spirits—for instance, on a journey in a travelling-coach, or after a good dinner; in taking a walk, or at night-time, when I can not sleep—then the ideas come like streams, and best. Why and how, I do not know, nor can I prevent them. Those which please me, I retain

* Constance, his wife.

† The music publisher.

in my head, and hum them sometimes, as people have told me. In doing so, very soon it occurs to me how one or the other idea may be used, to make a pie out of them according to counterpoint and the sounding of the different instruments. That warms me up, provided I am not disturbed; then it becomes greater and greater, and I spread it out more and more large, and there is more light. Indeed, the thing becomes almost complete in my head, even if it is quite long—so complete, that I can look over it at once like a fine picture, or a handsome man. And I do not hear then the bits one after the other; no, I hear the whole all together. That is a feast! All the finding and making is done as if I were in a beautiful strong dream. But the hearing of all, thus together, is still the best. What has come in this way I do not easily forget, and that is, perhaps, the best faculty God has given to me. When I come, afterwards, to write it down, I take from the sack of my brains what I had collected there before. And therefore it is put quickly on paper; for, as I told you, it was already finished; and it seldom becomes other than it was before in my head. This is the reason that nothing disturbs me when I write: there may be going on around me what there will, I write still; can even have a chat besides, as about geese and chickens, and this and that. But why, when I compose, my things get an appearance and manners like myself, and not like another person, is most probably for the same reason, that my nose is long and crooked; in short, is like Mozart's nose, and not like other people's. For I do not intend to have any peculiarity, and could not even give a description of mine. I think it is quite natural, that people who have really something of their own, must look differently, internally as well as externally. At least, I know that I have given to myself neither the one nor the other.

And now I have finished, my best friend; don't think that I finish for other reasons than that I do not know any thing more. You, a learned man, can not imagine how difficult it has been for me to say so much. Others I would not have answered at all, but would have thought—pssha!

I did not make much in Dresden. People there think they still have the best, because years ago they had something good. Besides a few persons, they almost did not know me, with exception that, as a boy, I had given concerts in Paris and London. Opera I did not hear, as in summer the Court is in the country. In the Church, Naumann caused me to hear one of his masses; it was fine, correct, and large, but, as your C—would say, 'a little cool'; something like Hasse, but without his fire, and with newer melodic phrasing. I played a great deal to the men, but I could not make them warm, and, beyond mere politeness, they did not say much. They begged to play the organ also. It was an uncommonly splendid instrument. I told them, as it is true, I had little practice on the organ, but yet I went with them to the church. There I saw that they had another foreign artist, whose instrument was the organ, and who was to put me down. I did not recognize him immediately; he played very well, but without originality or imagination. Then I tried to do my best. I concluded with a double fugue, perfectly strict, and played very slowly, in order to enable them to follow me through all the parts. Then it was all over with the others: no body would play. But Hässler—(that was the name of the foreigner; he has written good things in the style of the Hamburgian Bach.) he was the most faithful of all, although I had given it to him. He jumped for mere pleasure at my neck, and wanted to kiss me. Then I took him to my hotel—the others would not come, although I invited them friendly—which caused the lively Hässler to say 'Zounds!'

Here, best friend and protector, the sheet is full; the bottle of your wine, which must do for to-day, will soon be empty. Since my request for his daughter, to my father-in-law, I have not written such a long letter. Don't be cross with me. In speaking and writing, I must be myself, or hold my tongue and throw away my pen. My last word shall be: My best friend, keep your love for me. Oh! could I bring you some day such

happiness as you have brought me! Well, I drink my own glass and say, Vivat, my best, faithful Baron. Amen.

MASTER HUGUES OF SAXE-GOTHA.

BY ROBERT BROWNING.*

1.
Hist, but a word, fair and soft!
Forth and be judged, Master Hugues!
Answer the question I've put you so oft—
What do you mean by your mountainous fugues?
See, we're alone in the loft.

2.
I, the poor organist here,
Hugues, the composer of note—
Dead, though, and done with, this many a year—
Let's have a colloquy, something to quote,
Make the world prick up its ear!

3.
See, the church empties a-pace.
Fast they extinguish the lights—
Hollo, there, sacristan! five minutes' grace!
Here's a crank pedal wants setting to rights,
Baulks one of holding the base.

4.
See, our huge house of the sounds,
Hushing its hundreds at once,
Bids the last loiterer back to his bounds
—Oh, you may challenge them, not a response
Get the church saints on their rounds!

5.
(Saints go their rounds, who shall doubt?
—March, with the moon to admire,
Up nave, down chancel, turn transept about,
Supervise all betwixt pavement and spire,
Put rats and mice to the rout—

6.
Aloys and Jurien and Just—
Order things back to their place,
Have a sharp eye lest the candlesticks rust,
Rub the church plate, darn the sacrament lace,
Clear the desk velvet of dust.)

7.
Here's your book, younger folks shelve!
Played I not off hand and runningly,
Just now, your master-piece, hard number twelve?
Here's what should strike,—could one handle it cunningly,
Help the axe, give it a helve!

8.
Page after page as I played,
Every bar's rest, where one wipes
Sweat from one's brow, I looked up and surveyed
O'er my three clavers, yon forest of pipes,
Whence you still peeped in the shade.

9.
Sure you were wishful to speak,
You, with brow ruled like a score,
Yes, and eyes buried in pits on each cheek
Like two great breves, as they wrote them of yore
Each: side that bar, your straight beak!

10.
Sure you said—"Good, the mere notes!
Still, couldst thou take my intent,
Know what procured me our Company's votes—
Masters being landed and schoolists shent,
Parted the sheep from the goats!"

11.
Well then, speak up, never flinch!
Quick, ere my candle's a snuff
—Burnt, do you see? to its uttermost inch—
I believe in you, but that's not enough.
Give my conviction a clinch!

12.
First you deliver your phrase
—Nothing propound, that I see,
Fit in itself for much blame or much praise—
Answered no less, where no answer needs be;
Off start the Two on their ways!

* From "Men and Women," a new volume of Browning's Poems, published by Ticknor & Fields.

13.
Straight must a Third interpose,
Volunteer needlessly help—
In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose,
So the cry's open, the kennel's a-yelp,
Argument's hot to the close!

14.
One disertates, he is candid—
Two must discept,—has distinguished!
Three helps the couple, if ever yet man did:
Four protests, Five makes a dart at the thing wished—
Back to One, goes the case banded!

15.
One says his say with a difference—
More of expounding, explaining!
All now is wrangle, abuse, and vociferance—
Now there's a truce, all's subdued, self-restraining—
Five, though, stands out all the stiffer hence.

16.
One is incisive, corrosive—
Two retorts, nettled, curt, crepitant—
Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive—
Four overbears them all, strident and strepitant—
Five.... O Danaides, O Sieve!

17.
Now, they ply axes and crowbars—
Now, they prick pins at a tissue
Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar's
Worked on the bone of a lie. To what issue?
Where is our gain at the Two-bars?

18.
Est fuga, voluitur rota!
On we drift. Where looms the dim port?
One, Two, Three, Four, Five, contribute their quota—
Something is gained, if one caught but the import—
Show it us, Hugues of Saxe-Gotha!

19.
What with affirming, denying,
Holding, disputing, subjoining,
All's like.... it's like.... for an instance I'm trying...
There! See our roof, its gilt moulding and groining
Under those spider-webs lying!

20.
So your fugue broadens and thickens,
Greatens and deepens and lengthens,
Till one exclaims—"But where's the music, the dickens?
Blot ye the gold, while your spider-web strengthens,
Blackened to the stoutest of tickens?"

21.
I for man's effort am zealous.
Prove me such censure's unfounded!
Seems it surprising a lover grows jealous—
Hopes 'twas for something his organ-pipes sounded,
Tiring three boys at the bellows?

22.
Is it your moral of Life?
Such a web, simple and subtle,
Weave we on earth here in impotent strife,
Backward and forward each throwing his shuttle,
Death ending all with a knife?

23.
Over our heads Truth and Nature—
Still our life's zigzags and dodges,
Ins and outs weaving a new legislature—
God's gold just shining its last where that lodges,
Palled beneath Man's usurpature!

24.
So we o'ershroud stars and roses,
Cherub and trophy and garland.
Nothings grow something which quietly closes
Heaven's earnest eye,—not a glimpse of the far land
Gets through our comments and glozes.

25.
Ah, but traditions, inventions,
(Say we and make up a visage)
So many men with such various intentions
Down the past ages must know more than this age!
Leave the web all its dimensions!

26.
Who thinks Hugues wrote for the deaf?
Proved a mere mountain in labor?
Better submit—try again—what's the clef?

'Faith, it's no trifle for pipe and for tabor—
Four flats—the minor in F.

27.
Friend, your fugue taxes the finger.
Learning it once, who would lose it?
Yet all the while a misgiving will linger—
Truth's golden o'er us although we refuse it—
Nature, thro' dust-clouds we fling her!

28.
Hugues! I advise *med pand*
(Counterpoint glares like a Gorgon)
Bid One, Two, Three, Four, Five, clear the arena!
Say the word, straight I unstop the Full-Organ,
Blare out the *mode Palestrina*.

29.
While in the roof, if I'm right there—
...Lo, you, the wick in the socket!
Hollo, you sacristan, show us a light there!
Down it dips, gone like a rocket!
What, you want, do you, to come unawares,
Sweeping the church up for first morning-prayers,
And find a poor devil at end of his cares
At the foot of your rotten-planked rat-riddled stairs?
Do I carry the moon in my pocket?

Music in England in the Olden Time.

[From Chappell's Collection of Ancient English Melodies.]

That music was formerly much more cultivated in England than now, as well as much more common as an amusement with the lower classes, is a fact of which the most abundant proof can be adduced. From Chaucer's *Tale of the Prioress*, it appears that, in the fourteenth century, "to singen," was as much an established branch of the education of "small children," as "to rede;" and Sir John Hawkins, (vol. ii. p. 260) speaking of the religious houses, says, that besides being schools of learning and education, all the neighbors might have their children instructed in grammar and music, without any expense. Gayton, in his "Festivious Notes upon Don Quixotte," 4to. 1654, enumerates, with others, *barbers, cobblers, and plowmen*, as "the *heires of music*;" and the following extract from "Orders appointed to be executed in the Cittie of London, for setting rogues and idle persons to worke, and for releefe of the poore," proves not only that music was taught in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital, but that it was considered an almost necessary qualification for servants, apprentices, or husbandmen. 66th (the last) Order: "That the preachers be moved at the sermons at the crosse, and other convenient times, and that other good notorious meanes be used, to require both citizens, artificers, and other, and also all farmers and other for husbandry, and gentlemen and other for their kitchins and other services, to take servants and children both out of Bridewell and Christ's Hospital at their pleasure," &c. "with further declaration that many of them be of toward qualities in readyng, wryting, grammer, and musike." One of the earliest songs in the English language is on the difficulty of learning music; and when minstrelsy had decayed, every event, however trifling, became instantly the subject of a ballad: "In a word, scarce a cat can looke out of a gutter, but out starts a halfpenny chronicle, and presently a *proper new ballet of a new sight* is ended."

None could pretend to the character of a gentleman, who was unable to sing a song, or take his part in a glee, catch, or madrigal. Morley thus quaintly mentions it in his Introduction, 1597: "But supper being ended, and musicke bookes, according to custom, being brought to the table, the mistresse of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfainely that I could not, every one began to wonder, yea, some whispered to others, demanding how I was brought up: so that upon shame of my ignorance, I goe now to seeke out mine old friend, master Gnorimus, to make myself his scholar." Every barber's shop had its lute or cittern, for the amusement of waiting customers, instead of a newspaper, as at present; and Sir Richard Steele mentions the custom as still prevailing in his time:

"To this day the barber is still the same; go into a barber's anywhere, no matter in what district, and it is ten to one you will hear the sounds either of a fiddle or a guitar, or see the instruments hanging up somewhere." The barber in Lyly's *Midas* (1592) says to his apprentice: "Thou knowest I have taught thee the knocking of the hands, like the tuning of a cittern;" and Morley, in the third part of his *Introduction*, says: "Nay, you sing you know not what; it should seem you came latelie from a barber's shop, where you had Gregory Walker, or a cur-ranta, plaide in the new proportions of them lately found out." And in a marginal note upon Gregory Walker, he says: "That name in derision they have given this *Quadrant Pavan*, because it walketh amongst the barbers and fillers more common than any other. In 'The Trimming of Thomas Nashe,' 1597, speaking in praise of barbers, the author says: 'If idle, they passe their time in life-delighting musique.' And among the woodcuts in Burton's *Winter Evening's Entertainments*, in 1687, is one representing the interior of a barber's shop, with a person waiting his turn, and amusing himself in the interim by playing on the lute; and on the other side of the shop hangs another instrument, of the lute or cittern kind. In Ben Johnson's *Silent Women*, act iii., scene 5, *Morose* cries out: 'That cursed barber! I have married his cittern, that is common to all men; which one of the commentators, not understanding, altered into, 'I have married his cistern, &c. Again, *Lord Falkland's Wedding Night*:

—"He has travell'd, and speaks languages
As a barber's boy plays o' the gittern."

And Ward, in his *London Spy*, says he had rather have heard an old barber ring *Whittington's Bells* upon a cittern, than all the music houses afforded. There are numberless other quotations to the same purport; but we fear it will be thought that too many have been adduced already. The music of the barbers began, however, to decline about the commencement of the last century. In one of Dr. King's *Useful Transactions*, he speaks of the castanets used in dances, and says: "They might keep time with the snap of a barber's fingers, though at the present day, turning themselves to perriwig-making, they have forgot their cittern and their music; I had almost said, to the shame of their profession." But independently of the growing rivalry of the newspapers, the barbers' shops were then no longer visited by the same class of customers as the barber-surgeons of former days, who set their apprentices to play and sing to their patients, while they were letting blood, or binding up a wound.

Remarks on Lyrical Dramatic Performance, BY CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

[When *Euryanthe* was about, for the first time, to be produced in Leipzig, Herr Praeger, who was then director of the theatre, requested the author to furnish him with such directions for its performance as could be expressed in writing, and to mark the time of each movement throughout by Maelzel's Metronome. His application called forth the following remarks from Weber, which were afterwards published in the *Allgemeine Musikalische Zeitung*.]

Every singer imparts, however unconsciously, the traits of his own individual character to the dramatic character which he sustains. Thus two singers, the one possessed of a light and flexible voice, the other of an organ of great volume and power, will give the same composition in a manner widely different. The one will, doubtless, be more animated than the other; and yet both may do justice to the composer, inasmuch as both mark the gradations of passion in his composition, faithfully and expressively, according to the nature and degree of power possessed by each. But it is the duty of the music-director to prevent the singer from deceiving himself, by following too exclusively what at first appears to him most suitable. This caution is particularly necessary with respect to certain passages, lest the effect of the whole piece should suffer for the sake of some

favorite roudade, which the singer must needs introduce. For instance, if a singer cannot throw sufficient fire and force of expression into the latter passages of the air of *Eglantine*, he had better simplify, than attempt to ornament them; otherwise the impassioned character of the whole piece must sustain an irreparable injury. By the same rule, if a performer cannot do justice to the strong and vindictive air of *Elvira* in the *Opferfest*, she will much less injure the work by omitting it altogether, than by giving it to the hearer in the style of a tame *solfeccio*.

It is one of the severest of problems, so perfectly to unite song and instrumental accompaniment, in the rhythmical movement of a composition, as to make them amalgamate; that is, to make the latter sustain, heighten, and enforce the expression of the passion; for song and instruments are, in their nature, repugnant to each other.

Through the medium of emphasis, and verbal articulation, song gives to the measure an effect which, perhaps, may be compared to the uniform breaking of waves upon the shore. Instruments, and particularly those of the stringed kind, divide the time into sharp beats, mathematically true, like those of the pendulum. Now, justness of expression requires a union of these conflicting properties. The movement ought not to be a tyrannical check—a driving mill-hammer, but must be to the composition, what pulsation is in the animal economy. There is no slow movement in which passages demanding acceleration do not occur. On the other hand, there is no quick movement but what requires in many passages moderate retardation. These changes, in particular cases, are absolutely necessary to expression.

But, for God's sake, let no singer presume to think himself justified, by what is here said, in rushing into a hair-brained mode of performance, tearing at pleasure into very tatters, any number of bars he may think proper; a mode of proceeding which cannot fail to excite the same feeling in the hearer of taste, as is produced by the clown who distorts his limbs to amuse the mob. No; let the acceleration and retardation of the time be such as to convey the idea of their being dictated by feeling. Nor ought these modifications, whether in a musical or in a poetical point of view, to be admitted, except in accordance with the tone and character of the passion expressed. In a duet, for instance, two characters which contrast with each other, will require a different mode of expression. Of this, the duet between *Licinius* and the High Priest in the *Vestale*, may serve as an example; the greater the degree of dignified composure given to the passages in the part of the High Priest, and of energy and passion to those of *Licinius*, proportionably the more striking will be the effect produced, and yet music has no marks or signs by which all this, important as it confessedly is, can be denoted. Such indications can be found only in the feelings of the performer, or of the director; if they exist not in one of the two, the metronome is unable to supply the want; all that this can do is, mechanically to prevent any gross mistakes. As to an attempt to denote all the delicate shades of feeling, and the consequent modifications necessary to give full effect to a performance, I have found every endeavor fruitless, and have desisted from the task as hopeless.

I send you, however, such indications as I can give, not so much in the hope that they will satisfy the end you have in view, as in compliance with your friendly request.

Musical Correspondence.

PHILADELPHIA, FEB. 12.—Your invalid correspondent writes to show you that he is in the land of the living, in spite of the cold weather, and of a due proportion of the "ills that flesh is heir to."

I made an error in my last letter; let me correct it without delay. I said that Mr. MEIGNER's oratorio of "The Deluge" was to be performed by the Musical Union,—I was wrong, for the Harmonia, I now un-

derstand, has assumed the honor and responsibility of placing it before the public; so much for speaking on hearsay instead of upon my own knowledge, but when one's society consists principally of nurses, doctors and the day's paper, one cannot expect to be well posted up in musical matters.

There have been a great number of concerts during the many weeks I have been obliged to keep in doors, to say nothing of three nights of Italian opera by the Lagrange troupe. I should have much liked to have heard VERDI's *Trovatore*, and reported to you its real reception by our musical circles, but it was of course impossible. OLE BULL has been here; GOTTSCHALK had a complimentary concert given him and was obliged to perform on a square piano; the Musical Union opened the new hall in Market street with its sixth and last concert, the remaining six of the promised series being indefinitely postponed; the Mozart Centennial Celebration took place as announced and was an entire failure in every point of view; BISHOP's first Ballad Soirée was given last Wednesday, the second is announced for to-morrow; HERMAN THORBECKE's lacerated evening is to take place to-night; the fourth concert of the Harmonia, third of the subscription series, was given last evening, and I hear was as crowded as usual, notwithstanding the condition of the streets, which is atrociously sloppy—the programme was miscellaneous, selected almost without exception from the great masters. The first concert of the Oratorio and Madrigal society (the amiable Crouch's) is announced for the 23d, when LOCK's music to "Macbeth" is to be sung; the Glee and Madrigal Society, a separate affair, composed of Bishop's classes, will give its first on the 29th, while a grand charity concert is talked of for the 27th. So you see there is plenty of music for those who are able to go out and enjoy it. I live in hopes of hearing some of the many entertainments; until I do, farewell.

VERITAS.

Dwight's Journal of Music.

BOSTON, FEB. 16, 1856.

Italian Opera.—"The Prophet."

The great novelty of the season, and the great event—at least after that performance of *Don Giovanni*—has been the production for the first time in Boston of the far-famed *Prophète* of MEYERBEER. The Boston Theatre was absolutely crowded with a most brilliant audience on Friday evening of last week, eager for a first taste; and on the repetition, Wednesday evening, the audience was above the average. It was well, for our instruction, that the *Prophète* had been immediately preceded by *Don Giovanni*; nothing could have brought out its characteristics in a more bold relief; nothing could appear in greater contrast than the music, genius, and entire methods of Mozart and Meyerbeer. We appreciate them both the better by having heard them in close juxtaposition.

We have all heard of the excitement which attended the first splendidly successful production of "The Prophet" in Paris. It had been composed some eight years earlier under the title of "The Anabaptists;" was re-written, promised to the public of the Grand Opera, and postponed again and again for a year or two, to allow of infinite revisions and rehearsals, and was finally brought out (even then with some curtailments, for it was five hours long) on the 16th of April, 1849. It was the third of Meyerbeer's great

masterpieces written for the Grand Opera; and his staunch admirers pronounced it as much greater than the *Huguenots*, as that was greater than *Robert le Diable*; while others find an inspiration, a spontaneous, genial flow of musical idea, of melody, in *Robert*, which disappears for them more and more in the more ingeniously elaborate and imposingly effective works which followed. "The Prophet" is necessarily criticised both from points of view above it and below it; from below, by those who cannot appreciate what there is in it that is greater than what they have been used to,—the physically and quasi passionately exciting common-places of the usual popular Italian operas; there is too much thought, too much design, too much voluntary sacrifice of *cheap* effects in it for them. On the other hand, those who judge from the highest stand-point, from experience of the inspired creations of genius like Mozart, Beethoven, or even Rossini, while they acknowledge its great merits, see that after all it is a work for effect, and not a pure creation of unquestionable genius. Genius, like Mozart, wins the people, goes to the common heart, and makes its wonders felt by all, at the same time that it tasks the brain of the thinker, of the learned, scientific critic, to discern the title of the latent excellencies of its thoroughly learned, yet perfectly spontaneous product. Meyerbeer's music, as such, disappoints the Bellini, Donizetti, Verdi enthusiasts; simply because it is really novel, runs in no well-worn, easy sentimental channels, taxes thought continually to mark what it is, even as it taxed thought and volition on the part of the composer to bring out such a connected series of new designs and weld them all together to his purpose. The mass therefore found it, musically, strange, fatiguing, heavy.

A smaller number, weary of the hacknied Italian opera melody, blessed or cursed with some intellectual curiosity and demanding evermore new thought, something to discover and think about, as well as something just to feel and be stirred up with for the moment, were delighted with the curious wealth of novel effects, if not ideas, in this elaborate score; with the ingenious fitting of quaint, characteristic musical costume to each point of the dramatic plot; with the wonderful calculation of effects, sacrificing such momentary ones as others would often make, to greater effect of the whole. These are refreshed by such abundant evidences of invention, such skilful devices to illustrate and help on the one grand design. They say, here is an opera with something in it, some positive addition to the old stock, even should it be found wanting in the scales of the highest criticism; and many will not believe it can be found so. A still smaller few acknowledge the novelty, the power, the cleverness, enjoy much in detail, and as a whole find it interesting and suggestive, yet feel too clearly that ingenuity is the right word for it, and not genius; that the inspiration is not equal to the study of effect; that the direction after all is false and the success of to-day is made paramount to the higher and eternal truth of Art. Take away the great display, and what greatness is there left? Remove it from the theatre, and indeed from any theatre but the Grand Opera of Paris, try over the music on a small scale, without accessories, and view it simply musically, and what, with all its felicitous and novelties, do you find vitally inherent in its every fibre at

all comparable to what you find in music of Mozart, Rossini, Weber, and the real men of genius? Read Mozart's account of his own method of composing great works (in his letter on another page,) and what can be imagined more utterly opposite than the elaborate, painfully piece-meal method of Meyerbeer? He is not inspired with an ineffably beautiful and grand creation all at once, whole, as Minerva leaped from the brain of Jove. As different as possible from all that, must have been the genesis of the *Huguenots* and the *Prophète*.

Such, we are quite sure, was the result of these first trials on the audience here; and such it has been everywhere, making allowance for the peculiar passion for stage effect which belongs to the French character] and culture, and makes the Grand Opera the focus of talents such as Meyerbeer's. One cannot but be interested in the play. It has characters in it. Fides and Jean and the Anabaptists are not likely to be soon forgotten. But of these the poet, more than the musician, seems to have been the father. SCRIBE is the most admirable of librettists, really one of the first dramatists of our age; he has furnished the composer with a remarkably fine plot and poem; has Meyerbeer breathed a deeper life and meaning into these characters, re-created them by his music, as Mozart did those furnished by Da Ponte? Does the music indicate more meaning than the words? We cannot yet perceive it; but it is not time to render final judgment on so great a work, which we have heard performed but twice, and that of course with very insufficient means and much curtailment. It is rather our duty simply to report so much as we have thus far found.

Meyerbeer, as M. Fétis well says, loves to deal with mystical ideas. "In *Robert*, all the interest consists in the struggle of the good and evil genius for the possession of a weak and passionate soul. In the *Huguenots*, it is the most exalted love in conflict with the sentiment of duty and religious faith; in *le Prophète*, it is the annihilation of human sentiments by fanaticism." The wild scenes of the Anabaptist peasants' insurrection, and the eventful life of Jean of Leyden afforded fine sphere to the musician and librettist, full of tragedy, of splendid spectacle, of romance and the most striking contrasts. There was the charm of history, too, an opportunity to exercise that tact in local coloring, which Meyerbeer possesses in a very high degree. They could not conform their drama strictly to the facts of history; the conclusion, for instance,—a very lame and impotent one, after the stereotype pattern of a thousand melodramas, ending in a grand explosion, which destroys the hero and all concerned, is but the play-wright's cutting of the knot of difficulty. The historical John was captured and put to death with utmost torture. Then too the mere monotony of carnage and fanaticism required some relief, something to touch the human chords; hence the invention of the love of John and Bertha, and the sublime impersonation of the maternal sentiment in Fides. These elements are skilfully wrought together into a splendid combination of music, spectacle and drama.

The first act gives us a miniature of the times, by a scene in the environs of Dordrecht, in Holland. You have on the one side the castle of the lord of the domain, Count Oberthal; on the other

the simple peasant life of his vassals; and you are about to see what might occur in any German village at that time. There is no overture, only a few measures of the orchestra as the curtain rises on the rural scene; it is the hour of rest from labor; a peasant on the rocks, with a *cornemuse* to his lips, summons his companions to their repast, the strain and echoes being given by the low clarinet tones in the orchestra. (Laughably enough, our actor raised his horn to his lips while the echoes were sounding, and left the whole matter to the orchestra the second night.) The chorus of millers and peasants is quite gay and festive, triangle and piccolo quaintly chiming in upon a droning harmony. Bertha, the betrothed of Jean, (Miss HENSLEY) enters and sings a song of joy at the thought of soon meeting her lover (omitted here.) Then enters Fides, the mother of Jean, commissioned to conduct his bride to him. Their recitative is treated in quite an original and peculiarly conversational manner, the interest of the orchestra never for a moment ceasing. The picturesque, yet simple costume of both ladies, was exceedingly appropriate and tasteful. Bertha, as vassal of the Count, cannot go without his consent, and they approach the castle. But now, strange, murky sounds of horns and bassoons herald the intervention of a new element, the fate, as it were, in the drama, and we hear the sombre choral, sung in unison and octave, of the three Anabaptist leaders, who soon appear upon the rocks in the background darkening the scene. Here is what they sing:



This has perfectly the tone of the rude chorales of the sixteenth century, yet we have M. Fétis' assurance that it was expressly composed by Meyerbeer. Thrice repeated by these gentlemen in black (MORELLI, ARNOLDI and GASPARDONI, who were capitally made up, especially Morelli, who looked like a genuine old Hussite, and kept a right fanatical expression on his face), and afterwards sung in full chorus by them and the peasants, whom they have effectually preached into insurrection and a belief in a near millennium, this chorale gives a sort of key-note to the whole; it is ominously effective. The loud liberty chorus, which follows, reminds one of the first finale in *Don Juan*. They seize whatever weapons come to hand and rush to attack the castle, when Count Oberthal, (AMODIO, very oddly dressed), laughing with his nobles, and with a guard, comes out and the valiant rebels shrink and try to hide their weapons. Scarcely noticing them he has the three black crows expelled, pestilent preachers of sedition that they

are, and finds a more welcome object in the fair Bertha, who approaches him with Fides, and they make their request in a pretty duet, which was nicely sung, Bertha taking the upper part. The count cannot part with so much beauty and claims Bertha for himself; the peasants are indignant; Bertha and Fides are seized and carried into the castle, and to improve the opportunity, the three gentlemen in black let us hear again from the outside their *Ad nos, ad salutarem undam*. The music in all this first act is comparatively simple; no great effects are attempted, while every detail shows the most studied care.

Act II. introduces us to Jean, the future prophet. The scene is his inn, at Leyden; John, occupied with sweet thoughts, awaits impatiently the return of Fides with his bride. Peasants, soldiers, &c., enter dancing and singing, and calling for beer. Beautiful is the little tenor strain in which Jean (SALVIANI) thinks of Bertha. The three Anabaptists also enter, and sit down to drink; are struck by the resemblance of John to a picture of David in the cathedral of Munster; inquire of the peasants if he is brave, is an enthusiast, &c., and when the rest are sent out to meet Bertha, they listen to the recital of his dream, from which they are convinced that he is their appointed prophet and king. The music of this dream is remarkable. It is preluded by a snatch of the Coronation march, and accompanied by a melody of low flute tones, with aerial high notes of the violins, which is an anticipation of the hymn of the choir boys, expanded to large proportions in the great cathedral scene of the Fourth Act. The latter portion, where the bloody images start up, is terrific, almost *Frey-schütz*-like in the accompaniment; brass and tympani do their utmost. (Yet it may be remarked that throughout the opera the noisier orchestral effects are carefully kept from drowning the voices.) The Three are more than ever persuaded that he is the Messiah they are seeking, and tell him the dream betokens that he is to reign! He shrinks from the idea, and in a sweet *Andante Pastorale*, in 9-8 measure, one of the very few melodies which one carries away from the opera, sings of a sweeter empire: *Un impero piu soave, Un affetto piu sincero*, in which he hopes to live and die at home. They leave him, repeating: "Thou shalt be king," and he is glad to be rid of their shadow.

Now are heard strange sounds in the orchestra, — a galloping movement by two bassoons, at the same time with a measured march by clarinets, horns and strings, (rather a melodramatic piece of imitation,) which is soon explained by the precipitate entrance of Bertha pursued by soldiers of the Count (in the version here used, the Count himself leads them.) Jean secretes her; they threaten to kill Fides, whom they bring with them, unless he gives Bertha up; the filial sentiment prevails, and he sinks into a seat and buries his head in his hands in despair as his betrothed is hurried off. Here were the materials for a grand concerted finale, according to the usual Italian opera model; but Meyerbeer passes on, giving us the well-known truly dramatic song: *Ah, mon fils!* in which Fides blesses her son for this self-sacrifice. She leaves him to his own thoughts of vengeance, and just then the *Ad nos* of the fatal Three is heard again without, conspiring with his thought, as the three witches with the dreams of Macbeth. (It is said

that Macbeth was performed in Paris, about the time that Scribe wrote this.) He calls them in, already theirs, and the act closes with a quartet of the four men, in which the zeal of fanaticism gets the better of the simple human, filial sentiment; he must see his mother once before he goes to be their warrior prophet; they warn him from such weakness; again involuntarily he rushes to her chamber to take one last look, but at a sudden explosion of the tympani (one of the peculiar ways of marking a climax in this opera!) he tears himself away and follows the murky Three.

The third act takes us into the midst of the tumult and carnage of the insurrection. Amid chaotic blasts and alarms of the orchestra the curtain rises on a winter scene, a frozen lake, with the towers of Munster in the distance, which the peasants are besieging. Soldiers rush from the sides dragging prisoners, richly dressed, nobles, monks, &c., and the peasantry dance round them, with a chorus, whose strange rhythm has a remorseless, wintry sound: *Du sang! Que Judas succombe!*

The solo, too, of Zacharias, sung with real fanatical furor by MORELLI; *Aussi nombreux que les étoiles*, is remarkable for its impetuous and angry rhythm. Another of the Three (leaders under Jean, still in their suits of black) leads in a band of soldiers, from a hard day's fight. The prisoners are led out in hope of ransom; the soldiers are weary and hungry, and now begins the famous skating scene. Groups of women and children, upon skates, bring provisions, and then there is dancing. The music of the dances, especially the *Pas des patineurs*, is quite original; the accompaniment marks the nervous measured effort that propels the skates, while the melody glides gracefully away in a freer rhythm. The skating may have had some poetical illusion on the Parisian stage; here it was too much in the foreground and lacked remoteness; the clatter of the skates was too great for the music.

Next we enter the tent of the three Anabaptists, who are planning an assault on Munster, without the Prophet's knowledge. A quaint episode is created by the bringing in of Count Oberthal prisoner; it is too dark to recognize him; he asks what they are fighting for, is instructed in their fanatical and communist creed, pretends to wish to join them, and takes the oath, comically enough, to each of their bloody articles. The music to this is called in the French score a *Trio bouffe*, and indeed you seem for a time to be listening to strains from "the Barber," and begin to confound our solemn friends with Don Basilio; the dialogue is admirably managed, and the music well conveys the hypocritical tone of Oberthal. But the drollest is where they strike a light, singing a couple of lively stanzas as the sparks fly from the flint—more curious than natural—and recognize their foe. As he is sent off to execution, Jean appears and saves him. He is sick of the cruelties perpetrated by his followers, who, finding the city still hold out against them, begin to murmur, and cry "Death to the Prophet!" Here the Prophet rises in the night of his enthusiasm, upbraids and quells them, and compels all to kneel in prayer, and chant a *Miserere*. Remembering that Bertha is in Munster, he is again inspired to go on, and his appeal to arms and victory rises to one of those climaxes of inspiration, which explains his power over his ignorant

and superstitious followers. In the midst of it he thinks of Joan of Arc, sees heaven open, and hears the sound of sacred harps and voices floating over Munster. Poet and musician have here done their best to work up an imposing finale. The theme of this concluding prayer: *Re del Cielo*, has the very familiar sound of one of those old Catholic hymns, which has also found its way into our Protestant hymn-books.

But we have not room to go through at this slow rate. We must speak of the last two acts next week. So far there has been no very intense personal development; all has been comparatively quiet in the music and characters of Fides and Bertha; they have been only incidental to the historical drama: in the great fourth act their time comes, and we can only hint now of the sublime and thrilling pathos which Mme. LAGRANGE exhibits both in singing and in action, in the part of Fides, one of the most trying rôles, in those two last acts, to be found in the whole range of opera. We have seen nothing greater upon any stage than the scene where she claims the Prophet as her son, and then is forced to disown him. Very great, too, was she in the prison scene, where she brings him to repentance. The music is extremely difficult, of great compass, requiring abundant use of the contralto as well as the soprano register, (it was written for VIARDOT GARCIA,) ranging through unusual intervals, strange rhythmical divisions and declamatory accents; yet she sang all to a marvel. It seemed almost incredible for a voice of such slight substance.

Miss HENSLEY, too, appears to even better advantage than ever before in her (much abridged) character of Bertha; she sang the music very sweetly, fully sharing the applause of the duets with Lagrange, and in one scene showed a good deal of dramatic power. Sig. SALVIANI could not look the majesty or beauty of the man who could pass for a prophet and work almost miracles by the charm of personal presence; but he did well, and sang quite effectively. With the three Anabaptists no fault could be found; MORELLI was capital; GASPARONI too, except in a too merry twinkle of the eye (yet they all turned out to be rogues); and ARNOLD's tenor, at other times so hard, had just the right sound in the rude Anabaptist unison canticles. The choruses were sung effectively; the orchestra, allowing for its small proportion of strings and the maddening loudness of those drums, gives, we should think, a very fair idea of the rich and curious instrumentation. As for scenic display, it of course was not Paris; but the Coronation scene was made quite brilliant and gorgeous, and is there another country in the world, where a long procession could be encored and repeated as it was done here at both performances!

Our readers will have an opportunity to satisfy themselves of the transcendent power of Mme. LAGRANGE as Fides, this afternoon, when the *Prophète* will be repeated for the finale of this short operatic season.

On Saturday afternoon was repeated *Semiramide*, whose free spontaneous outflow of voluptuous melody was really refreshing after the labored novelties of *Le Prophète*. LAGRANGE and DIDIE were admirable again. On Monday *Lucrezia Borgia* was repeated, with AMODIO as the Duke. Last evening Miss HENSLEY's benefit in *I Puritani*, of which hereafter.

P. S. By announcement in another column it will be seen that Mr. PAINE has yielded to pressing petitions from many opera-lovers, and will give four performances next week. Observe the evenings are changed.

New Music.

(From Schubert & Co., Hamburg, Leipzig and New York.)

CHARLES MAYER. Op. 141. *Le Prophète, Grande Fantaisie pour le Piano.* Pp. 27.

A brilliant and difficult show-piece for the virtuoso concert-player, or the ambitious amateur, who possesses a good deal of execution and whose fingers itch for more. Ushered by the loud march, some of the principal motives of the *Prophète* are introduced, illustrated, varied, and bedeviled in the modern fashion, with arpeggios, long passages of tremolo, and so forth, cleverly and gracefully, as Carl Mayer always does, who is one of the more successful of those who follow next, yet a long way after, LISZT. By the way, is it not greatly to Liszt's honor, whatever his earlier career, that he, acknowledged king in all that concerns execution, effect, virtuosity in piano-playing, never consents to play a thing of this kind now in public, but devotes his skill to the interpretation of the master works of genius?

A. GÖCKEL. Op. 19. *Souvenir de Niagara; Caprice Caractéristique.* Pp. 13.

A rapid, galop like Allegro, not without grace and sparkle; not very difficult, but nothing without clear and free execution, and likely to please many.—What influences Niagara may have mingled in its birth, are not apparent. Niagara (pictured on the title-page) may help to sell it, as the grand falls have turned many a mill crenow.

A. GÖCKEL. Op. 20. *Les Adieux, Notturmo Sentimentale, for Piano;* pp. 10.

In the usual form of Notturmes, by Field, Kalkbrenner, &c.; a long, flowing 4-4 melody, in A-flat at first plain, with occasional little tendrils of ornament, and light arpeggio chords extended through two octaves or more; afterwards varied, the chords struck alternately below and above, with hands crossing. Not particularly easy to play well. The author on the title page styles himself *Elève de F. Mendelssohn Bartholdy*.

FERDINAND FICKER. I. *Pädagogische Bibliothek (Pedagogic Library) für Piano.* Section 2, pp. 22.—II. *Farewell Notturmo*, op. 12, pp. 7.—III. *La Gracieuse, Schottish de Salon.*

No. 1 contains thirty little pieces for beginners, beginning with the very simplest and progressing by easy degrees to more difficult; yet all quite simple. The pieces are in many forms of waltz, march, *andante cantabile*, *tremolo*, &c., and must interest the scholar. Nos. 2 and 3 form numbers of a series of larger-pieces for more advanced players, and seem clever in their way.

The Family Pianist (Piano Blumenlese) a selection of Dances, Marches, Airs, &c., arranged by J. SCHUBERTH. Book I., pp. 11.

Here are very simple and short arrangements of such pieces as the Polacca air: *Son vergin vezzosa*, from *I Paritani*; the Rhenish Polka; the Coronation March from "The Prophet"; Reissiger's *Feen Waltz*, Rossini's *Turandotta*; "Last Rose of Summer," &c., &c.

(Published by Nathan Richardson.)

C. A. ADLER. *Trois Baguettes Caractéristiques, for Piano-forte.* No. 3. *Reverie;* pp. 5.

A pleasing, pensive little melody in E major, with the four parts of the harmony well individuated; and the treatment and modulation refined, and nothing very common-place, until you reach an unmeaningly long die-away see-saw upon tonic and dominant at the end. The only difficulty to the player will be found in some widely dispersed harmonies near the beginning.

A. HENSELT. Op. 13. *Mazurka et Polka;* pp. 9.

After CHOPIN few preserve the spirit of the Mazurka—that wildflower of native Polish melody, full of a delicate, deep, burning feeling, so happily as Henselt. The form in itself is always interesting, but doubly so when it becomes a mould to the inspirations of so poetic a composer. This one is well worth the trouble to learn it. The Polka too, is above the common humdrum character of polkas,—the work of an artist. Both pieces are above medium difficulty.

H. BERTINI. *Mother and Daughter; four easy, pretty Duets, for the piano;* pp. 5 each. Price 25 cts. each.

The domestic title tells the purpose of these very nice little pieces for the juvenile stages of four-hand practice. There is a certain grace of style about even the least things of Bertini.

C. T. BRUNNER. *Twenty-four very easy melodies for young pupils, for four hands.* In five numbers, each of 5 pages; 20 cts. each.

These are of the very simplest sort of exercises. The hand remains in one position through each piece, and in the upper part the two hands play the melody all through in octaves, with scarce an exception. All are kept, too, in the natural key until the last few numbers, which enter A minor, F and G.

Musical Chat-Chat.

Tickets are already selling briskly for the BREITHOVEN FESTIVAL on the 1st of March. Those who would secure choice seats must lose no time. The original plan of the programme has been somewhat varied; it will probably be announced in full next week. . . . OTTO DRESEL'S Second Soirée cannot take place to-night on account of indisposition. It will probably occur on Wednesday. Among the classical novelties of the occasion Mr. Dresel will produce a Trio (for piano, violin and 'cello) composed by a lady, namely the gifted and early lamented sister of MENDELSSOHN, Madame FANNY HENSEL. . . . The HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY announce a Sacred Concert to-morrow evening with the aid of LAGRANGE, HENSEL, and the other artists of the Italian Opera, just about to leave us.

London gossip says, quite positively, and without contradiction so far, that Mme. JENNY LIND GOLDSCHMIDT is about to appear once more in opera. The story is that Messrs. Lumley, Mitchell and Otto Goldschmidt have taken Her Majesty's Theatre, which has been shut up for two or three years (ever since the great JOHANNA WAGNER law-suit), and which Jenny alone was able to make profitable. She is to be the *prima donna*; but what further has not transpired. We wish it might prove true. That the greatest singer of our age, the one *prima donna* who has genius in the highest sense, and who knows music and all its masterworks as well as she knows how to sing, should now, in the fullness of her powers, abandon their greatest sphere of exercise, is a calamity to the best interests of Art. In a great artist humanity realizes one of its own ideals; the artist is for us what we cannot all be for ourselves; the world cannot afford that private life should claim the whole of such an one; they come too seldom and their age needs their gift. May the rumor prove true, and may we yet see Jenny Lind in opera in America!

Kladderadatsch, the German *Punch*, is very funny about *Tannhäuser*, as performed last month at Berlin. It gives a parody of the poem, of which the hero and the plot are RICHARD WAGNER himself and his fortunes, with a series of pictorial caricatures, representing scenes before, during and after the performance. Under the first head we have the poor conductor, spent with his gigantic labors of rehearsal, put to

bed; on the floor a heap of used-up batons, with one more, marked "reserve," lying across the score of *Tannhäuser* upon the music-stand. . . . *Punch* himself, the great original all-sided Mr. Punch, who lives and rules in England, has been amusing himself, seeing that it was so much the fashion, with manufacturing "Rossiniana," in which of course he succeeds better than anybody else. Here they are:

The French, Belgian and German papers are full of the sayings of Rossini. Since the "illustrious maestro" has given up music, he has taken to composing jokes. Most of his *bon-mots* are in the *Bouffe* style. Nothing is too extravagant for his humor, so long as he succeeds in making you laugh. We will endeavor, from memory, to reproduce a few of his most brilliant sayings, as they have been reproduced lately, by Hiller, Le-comte, Escudier, and others:—

He said of the celebrated Marquise di Z—, that she had "a mind that changed as often as a play-bill; what she promised to-day she rarely performed to-morrow."

Rossini defines Bellini. Halévy, and Weber as follows: "The first is natural, the second unnatural, and the third supernatural."

He says Costa is "honest and clever; but extremely conceited. The reason why he wears gloves when he conducts, is for fear of soiling his fingers with other composers' music."

He gives as his reason for not composing anything more, that the "musical market is overdone. What will you, when the opera is turned into nothing better than a stock-exchange—overrun with worthless notes?"

"The English go to the opera to sleep—the French to talk—the Germans to dream—the Italians to listen."

Rossini said of a Belgian, who had more than his fair share of national ugliness, "If that fellow had been in the Ark, we should not have had one of the *Singe* species left. All the monkeys on board would have died of envy."

A lady, with whom he had been dining was pressing him to favor the society with a song. "Really, madame," exclaimed Rossini, "you treat us poor musicians as if we were so many starved-out robins; you throw us a few crumbs from your table, and then expect us to perch on your window-sill, and begin singing!"

Wagner offered to play him a few specimens of his *Music of the Future*. "No, no," eagerly ejaculated Rossini; "let us rather enjoy the Music of the Present; it is wrong, you know, to anticipate the future. Besides, *mon cher Docteur*, I can tell you, I do not take the slightest pleasure in listening to Post-Obits."

CROWDED OUT. Notices of the past week's concerts, already in type, must lie over till our next.

Advertisements.

Italian Opera...Boston Theatre.

The Director of the Italian Opera Troupe has the honor to announce that, in deference to the general demand of the Public and the Press, he has determined to give four more representations at the Boston Theatre.

In making the above announcement he deems it but just to himself to state that it is only at the reiterated requests, both personal and by letter, of the patrons of the Opera, that he has determined to abandon the giving of three representations in New York during the week, giving four here instead, and that Friday the 22d inst. will be most positively the last time that the artists comprising this troupe can appear in Boston, as they are under contract to commence an engagement in Philadelphia on Monday the 25th inst.

The four performances here will be as follows:—

MONDAY, Feb. 18, LUCIA DI LANMERMOOR.

For the Benefit of MAX MARETZE, when in addition to other attractions, Mlle. DINER will sing "La Colasse," in costume.

TUESDAY, Feb. 19, DON GIOVANNI.

THURSDAY, Feb. 21, IL BARBIERE DI SEVIGLIA, (By general desire)

FRIDAY, Feb. 22d. National Holiday—Last Night of the Opera—A Favorite Opera, and the National Anthem, by the entire Company, will be given.

Tickets for either performance at E. H. WADE'S, No. 197 Washington street.

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With secured seats.

OTTO DRESEL'S SOIRÉES.

The Second Soirée, which has been announced for this evening, is unavoidably postponed to WEDNESDAY EVENING next, Feb. 20th, at Messrs. Chickering's Rooms.

Tickets One Dollar each, at the usual places.

HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

A GRAND SACRED CONCERT will be given by the Society on SUNDAY EVENING, Feb. 17, at the MUSIC HALL, consisting of gems selected from Rossini's

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Madame DE LAGRANGE has kindly volunteered her valuable aid on this occasion.

The Society will also be assisted by

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Signori BRIGNOLI, SALVIANI,
MORELLI, and AMODIO, of the

ITALIAN OPERA COMPANY.

MAX MARETZKE, CARL ZERRAHN, Conductors.
F. F. MULLER, Organist.

Tickets with secured Seats, \$1 each, may be obtained at E. H. WADE'S, No. 197 Washington street, and at the Hall on the evening of the Concert. Members will dispense with their usual privilege, and are requested to be in attendance at 7 o'clock.

Doors open at 6½; to commence at 7½ o'clock.

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THE Directors of the BOSTON MUSIC HALL with the co-operation of the Committee of the Orchestral Concerts, propose to celebrate the placing of CRAWFORD'S BRONZE STATUE OF BEETHOVEN in the MUSIC HALL, by a GRAND FESTIVAL to take place on SATURDAY, March 1st, 1856.

The Festival will open with a Poetical Prologue, written and recited by Wm. W. STORY, Esq. The Prologue ended, the Programme will be as nearly as possible the following:

The three orchestral movements of the NINTH (CHORAL) SYMPHONY—Hallelujah Chorus from the "Mount of Olives"—Fantasia for Piano, Chorus and Orchestra—Grand Aria from *Fidelio*—First movement of Violin Concerto—all being compositions of BEETHOVEN.

As the Festival is consecrated to the memory of the greatest of Composers, and as it is the first time that a Statue of a great artist has been erected in America, the Committee hope there will be shown among the members of the musical profession a desire to assist in the said celebration, and will gratefully receive any proposition from individual artists to that effect.

In behalf of the Committee,
CHARLES C. PERKINS, Chairman.

Secured seats to the above named Festival will be ready for sale at Richardson's Musical Exchange, No. 282 Washington street, on and after Monday, Feb. 4th, 1856. Price of Tickets One Dollar. The diagram of the house may be seen at the above named place.

For further particulars inquire of NATHAN RICHARDSON.

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